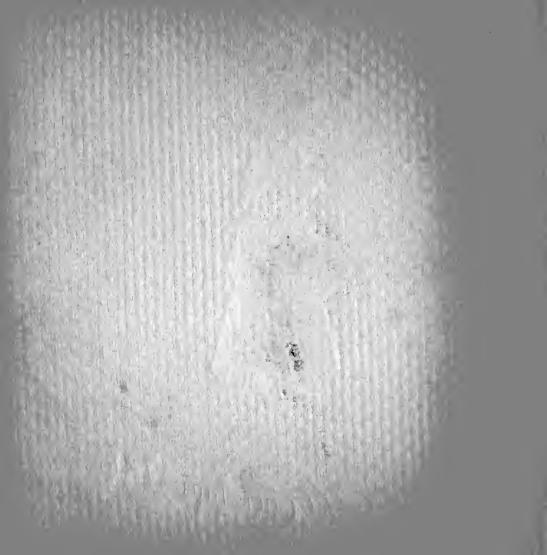
52359 162 Cas



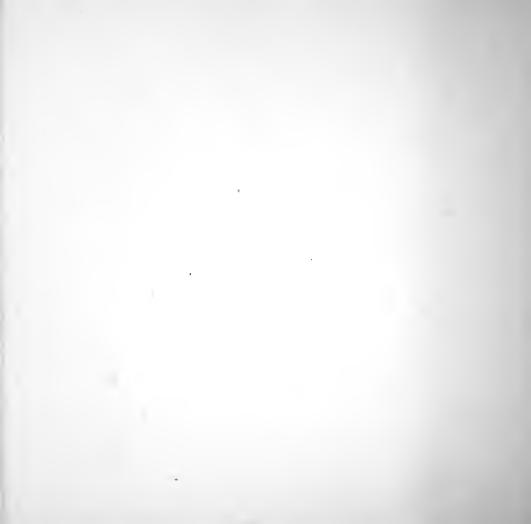
PS 2359 N62 CZ8



OA Pristmas Blossom.







A CHRISTMAS

BLOSSOM.

63 By Anne C. Mc 2

They we

order of the services

PRACOPYRIGHT OF 1887 A

752359 M62C28

Copyright IXXY
Hard & Parsons,
New YORK.

WALKING down the country road

This joyous Christmas morning.

The fairest bit of loveliness.

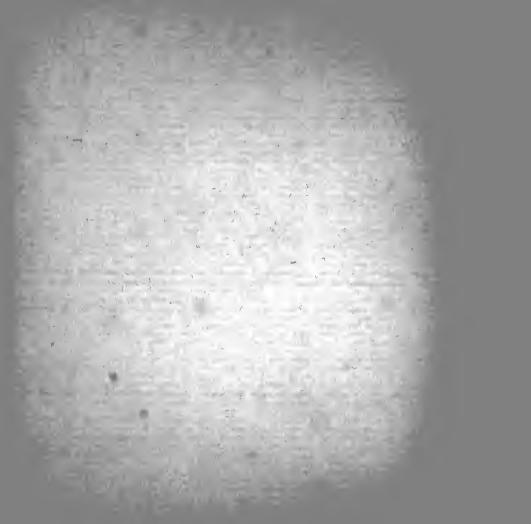
The pleasant scene adorning,

Comes the quaintest little maid

That ever chanced in meeting.

Smiling sweetly as she words

a kindly Christmas-greeting.



THE crisp air on her pretty cheeks

Has made them bright and rosy,

Her dimpled face so fair, she seems

A little winter posie.

Leaving all her sister flowers

Snug in bed below.

Impatient of the spring-time,

Come to blossom in the snow.



Among the thorny brambles,

and spying quick the little maid.

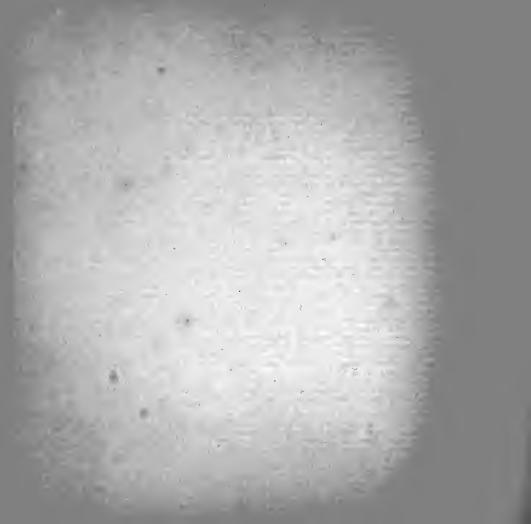
Away, in fright he scrambles. .

Oh, naughty bunny, thus to flee.

With neither word, nor warning,

From such a sweet and gentle sight,

Por bid her e en, _ "Good-morning."



THE little snow-birds, wiser-far

Than foolish frightened bunny —

Peep into her dainty face

So smiling, bright, and sunny.

Flutter all about her path

Without a thought of danger.

Chirp: "tweet-tweet; how very sweet

This little Christmas stranger."

Annie C. McQueen.



